

Irish Pigs or When Irish Sties are Smilin'

by PJ in NH

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Summary: B'Elanna pays a visit to Sullivan's, and takes up the sport of arm wrestling. [Paris Torres pairing]

Irish Pigs or When Irish Sties are Smilin'

Title: Irish Pigs (or When Irish Sties are Smilin') Contact: kelhapam@worldpath.net Series: VOY Rating: PG Code: P/T Part: 1/1 NEW Date: 15 May 2000

Summary: B'Elanna pays a trip to Sullivans.

Explanation: This story takes place in Season Six after Spirit Folk.

Disclaimer: Voyager owns all the characters, etc., I am just using the characters for a little fun and relaxation.

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Posting: OK to ASC. Please notify me if you post anywhere else.

Irish Pigs 5/00

B'Elanna sat nursing a Guinness watching Seven of Nine easily beat the regulars at a game of rings and watching the regulars appreciate the ex-Borg's form, or was it her backside? Tom was at the bar getting a refill on his beer.

This was supposed to be fun, she thought, but she was bored. Watching Seven throw rings over wooden pegs and observing men drinking was not

much fun, but Tom had been after her for weeks to accompany him on a visit to Fair Haven. Finally, to put an end to his pleading, she gave in. So here she was, coerced into wearing an authentic Irish costume...the bodice of which was almost cutting off her circulation, while at the same time thrusting her breasts out and up toward the neckline. B'Elanna should have known that when Tom said that he had created the perfect dress for her for a trip to Fair Haven what he had in mind.

Tom, beer in hand, joined her. He looked proudly around the room, and at her cleavage, before he spoke.

"Well, what do you think?" he asked. "It has a lot of character."

"And a lot of characters," she replied.

Tom chuckled. He knew that a trip to Fair Haven with B'Elanna wasn't going to be easy. She had argued a bit when he had asked her to wear the maroon dress that he had designed, but she finally relented. Tom smiled inwardly, she sure looked beautiful in it. He hoped that she'd grow to love this place as much as he did.

"What is that tall guy with the mustache and Harry up to?" B'Elanna asked taking note of situation between the two men. "Looks like they are trying to shake hands."

Tom sipped at his drink. "Oh, they are arm wrestling."

"Arm wrestling?" That got B'Elanna's attention.

"Yeah, they clasp their hands together and the first one to push the other one's arm down and touch the table is declared the winner. Harry is the ..."

A loud cheer erupted through the bar.

"Um. Harry *was* the defending champion, I guess Liam McFinney has just regained the title."

"Can anyone challenge McFinney?" B'Elanna asked. Suddenly Sullivan's seemed more interesting.

"Of course..." B'Elanna rose out of her chair, her Guinness still clutched in her hand, and approached the mustachioed man.

"B'Elanna, the women...ah hell...." How was he to tell B'Elanna, that in Sullivan's, tradition dictated that only the men arm wrestle?

McFinney celebrated his victory, accepting his second pint from Milo, when he felt himself being tapped on the shoulder. He turned around to see a petite dark haired woman.

"Congratulations, on your victory," B'Elanna remarked. "You must be very strong."

"Aye, that I am....most pig farmers are you know," McFinney bragged.

"Really?" she smiled up at the tall man.

"It takes a lot to be able to handle the pigs. It takes a strong man," he boasted "I know a lot about handling pigs myself," she cast a side look at Tom who was observing the interchange at the table. "I'd like to challenge you to this arm wrestling."

"You! Challenge me?" McFinney roared with laughter, as did several of the men and a couple of women who were standing around.

Hearing the laughter, Tom drained the contents in his mug and joined the group.

"Arm wrestling is for men and not little girls, tell her Tommy," Seamus suggested.

Tom looked uncomfortable. "It's...er...tradition, B'Elanna.... the women don't arm wrestle in competition."

"Why? Are they afraid that we might win?"

"Tell your lady, " Milo piped up. "That never in the history of Sullivan's, has a woman entered into an arm wrestling competition."

"Your lady, huh?" B'Elanna asked noting the reference.

Tom folded his arms across his chest and took a stance. "Yeah, my lady....anything wrong with that?" Tom asked.

"Not at all." She smiled. "I kinda like it. But I don't like that women haven't been allowed to participate in this sport."

B'Elanna turned back to McFinney. "I'd like to be the first woman to challenge you."

"You're kiddin'?" Liam remarked, his eyes bulged with disbelief.

"Try me. Now how do we do this? I sit here? " she pointed to a stool.

McFinney looked over to Tom for assistance.

"Go ahead, McFinney. If she says that she wants to arm wrestle with you, then by all means do it."

"But..but...she's a lady?!"

"Afraid that you won't be able to beat me?" B'Elanna challenged, seating herself on the stool. She was already flexing her muscles.

"Ahh. no.... I just don't want to hurt you."

"Why don't you let me worry about that." She unbuttoned the cuffs on her dress and pushed up the sleeve to reveal a tanned, toned arm.

Liam McFinney rolled his eyes to the heavens and took his seat opposite from the petite brunette.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" he asked.

"Of course. Are you saying that you would refuse my challenge?" she goaded

"Ahhh....well."

"What happens, gentlemen, if he refuses my challenge?" B'Elanna asked the Irishmen.

Milo spoke up for the group. "You'd be declared the winner, lassie."

"I see." B'Elanna placed her arm in the position that she had seen Harry take before he had wrestled with this Irish giant. "Put up or shut up, McFinney."

Feeling pressured, and not wanting to lose the title to a mere woman, McFinney clasped B'Elanna left hand on the table and her right hand above. "On the count of three," Milo piped up. " One...two...three!"

B'Elanna's arm flexed and her eyes bore into her opponent's

Liam eyes popped out of his head when he felt the strength of his female competitor.

Tom laughed at the man's expression.

The arm above the table didn't move. Neither was willing to give ground.

"Who wants to place a bet?" a nameless Irishman yelled out. Several men yelled out that either they'd take Liam to win.

Approaching the bookie, Tom called out loudly that he'd take B'Elanna to win for double the amount that anyone else had put down for Liam to keep his title.

"If he doesn't bet on his lass, then she'll deny him his manly rights!" someone yelled out from the group trying to justify Tom's reason for betting on B'Elanna. Tom's head whipped around to look at B'Elanna. Her eyes flashed with fire...she had heard the comment, but the arms remained planted firm above the table.

"Let's make this interesting," B'Elanna suggested in a loud voice that could be heard throughout the pub. She looked as cool as a cucumber. "If you win, I'll give you my pig..." She shot her dark eyes away from Liam's and focused on her pig.

Tom caught the reference. "Um...ah...B'Elanna," he spoke up. "I'm a not sure if your...um ...pig...wants to be wagered."

B'Elanna ignore him. "And if I win, ...the men will let other women compete if they want to....and...for added incentive, Tommy boy will make sure that the best room in this establishment is reserved for us for the evening."

Hoots and hollers resounded through the pub.

"As you say," Liam responded, beads of perspiration dotted his forehead.

"Agreed." Tom piped up.

B'Elanna returned her focus on Liam. "Ready?" she asked.

"Ready? The competition has already begun."

"Good." With a swift motion, B'Elanna pushed Liam McFinney's arm down to the tabletop. There was nothing like a little incentive to get things accomplished.

Liam was shocked. The crowd was stunned.

B'Elanna thanked Liam for a good match and hopped down from the stool. With one hand outstretched, she reached for Tom who gladly joined her. Heading for the flight of stairs that led to the rooms up above the bar, the crowd parted to let them pass.

"B'Elanna," Tom whispered in her ear, his lips just grazing her flesh. "Are you going to arm wrestle me?"

B'Elanna smiled slowly. "Ever hear of pig wrestling?" she asked.

Tom was struck speechless but followed her willingly up the stairs.

The End.

Email is craved and appreciated. kelhapam@worldpath.net

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